

NOVEMBER

No. 17

# NATIONAL

10¢ COMICS

Another SENSATIONAL  
~~UNCLE SAM~~  
ADVENTURE!



1358-17





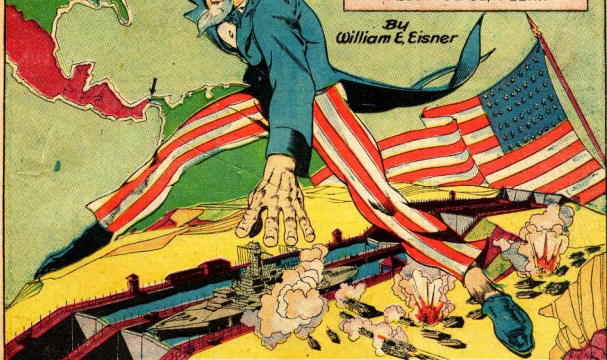
WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# UNCLE SAM

FOR 165 YEARS UNCLE SAM HAS WAGED A ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY... NOW WITH HIS YOUTHFUL PAL, BUDDY, HE AGAIN FACES A DEADLY FOE....

By  
William E. Eisner



ONE OF OUR MOST VALUABLE POSSESSIONS, BUDDY... THE PANAMA CANAL... HERE WE ARE AT A LOCK!

EVEN FISH WERE LOCKED OUT!



THIS IS OUR LAST LOCK, AND WE'RE THROUGH THE CANAL!

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC IN ONE DAY... SOME ROWING, UNCLE SAM!



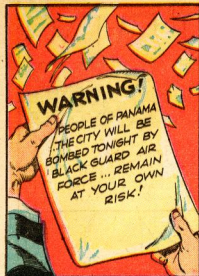
A FEW MINUTES LATER... PANAMA CITY, PACIFIC END OF THE CANAL

HMM! WHAT'S THIS... CONFETTI!??

THAT PLANE TOSSED 'EM DOWN!



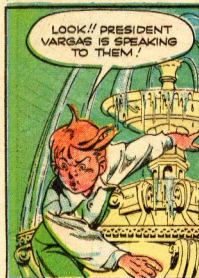
A Marble River Scan



BUDDY, IT LOOKS  
LIKE WE WALKED  
OR RATHER  
ROWED INTO  
SOMETHING!



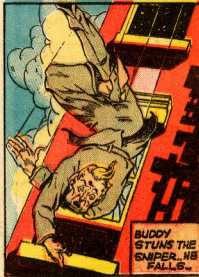
CONFUSION REIGNS IN THE CITY SQUARE AS  
THE PEOPLE READ THE LEAFLETS....



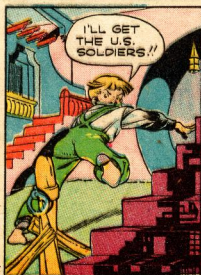
MY FRIENDS, WE  
HAVE BEEN EXPECTING  
THIS, BUT HAVE NO  
FEAR, THE  
UNITED STATES  
WILL PROTECT US!

HOW? THERE'S  
NO ARMY HERE!

THE  
FLEET'S  
IN  
HAWAII!









BUDDY RELAYS THE STARTLING NEWS TO U.S. ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS....

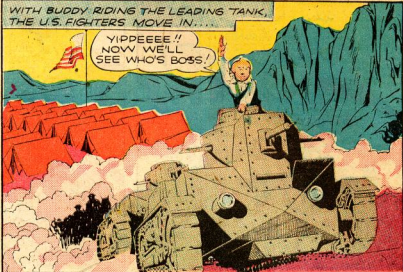
UNCLE SAM CAN HOLD 'EM TILL WE GET THERE!

IT'S WAR...BUT WE'LL GET THERE FAST!



WITH BUDDY RIDING THE LEADING TANK, THE U.S. FIGHTERS MOVE IN....

YIPPEEEEE!! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO'S BOSS!

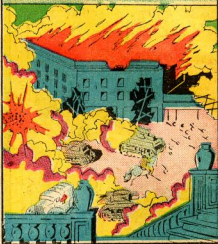


MEANWHILE, BLACK GUARD SOLDIERS LOOT PANAMA CITY STORES,...KILLING ALL WHO OPPOSE THEM....

SHOOTING DEFENSELESS MEN AND WOMEN! TAKE THAT!



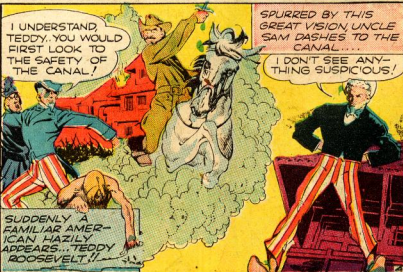
ENEMY AND U.S. FORCES CLASH IN THE SQUARE....



I UNDERSTAND, TEDDY. YOU WOULD FIRST LOOK TO THE SAFETY OF THE CANAL!

SPURRED BY THIS GREAT VISION, UNCLE SAM DASHES TO THE CANAL....

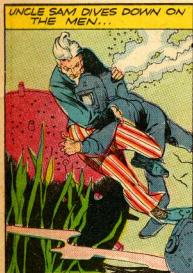
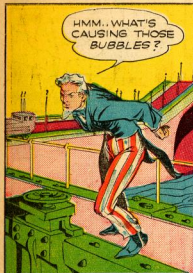
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS!



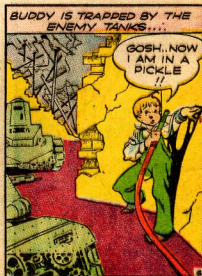
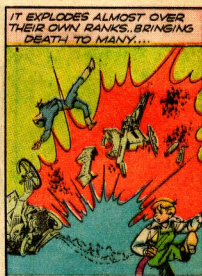
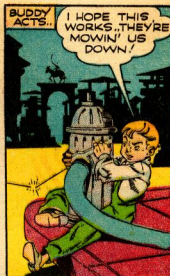
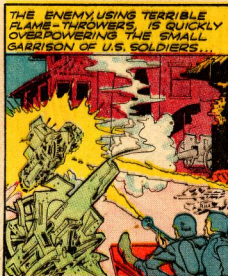
SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR AMERICAN HAZILY APPEARS...TEDDY ROOSEVELT!











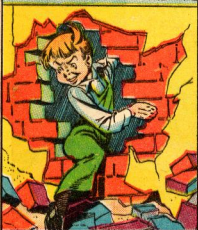


BUT BUDDY USES HIS HOSE TO  
TEAR A HOLE IN A BUILDING..



HA! I'LL FOOL 'EM!!

AS THE BIG TANKS ARE ABOUT  
TO CRUSH HIM, HE VANISHES  
THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE WALL



THE U.S. TROOPS ARE FORCED  
TO RETREAT..



CAN'T BLAME THEM!  
THEIR NUMBERS WERE  
TOO FEW TO BEAT  
THOSE TANKS...  
BUT THIS....



GO GET  
'EM  
SAM!

RIGHT AGAIN,  
TEDDY! THIS IS  
NO TIME TO  
RETREAT

UNCLE SAM RALLIES THE WILD  
RETREATING U.S. TROOPS, AND  
THEY CHARGE THE FOE...



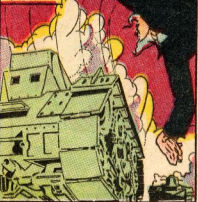
AT 'EM, BOYS!  
WE CAN STOP  
'EM!

A BIG TANK RUMBLES TOWARD  
THEM.. ITS GUNS CHATTERING...  
THE SOLDIERS SCATTER ON  
BOTH SIDES AS IT BEARS DOWN

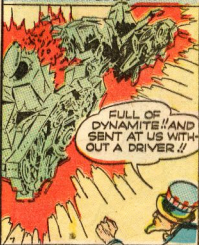


UNCLE SAM LEAPS BEFORE THE  
TANK, PUTS HIS SHOULDER  
AGAINST IT, AND.....

..HE TURNS IT, SENDING IT BACK  
TOWARD THE ENEMY RANKS.. IT  
HEADS INTO AN ONCOMING BLACK  
GUARD TANK AND...



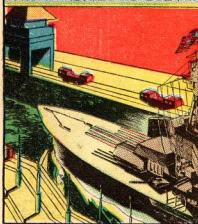
BOTH TANKS BLOW UP WITH A  
MIGHTY EXPLOSION....



FULL OF  
DYNAMITE!! AND  
SENT AT US WITH-  
OUT A DRIVER!!



MEANWHILE, A STRANGE SHIP  
FLYING THE AMERICAN FLAG  
STEAMS THROUGH THE CANAL  
FROM THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...



A LOOK GUARD IN A TOWER  
SHOUTS WILDLY AT THE SHIP...



A BULLET WHINES...WITH A  
GRADAN THE MAN SLUMPS...



NIGHT DRAWS ON...A HAND-TO-  
HAND BATTLE  
RAGES IN THE  
SQUARE...



WITH HEADPHONES,UNCLE SAM  
USES A PORTABLE FIELD RADIO



SWITCHING TO RECEIVING, HE  
GETS AN ANSWER...



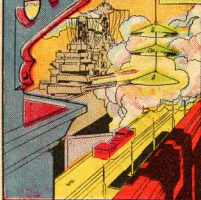
BUDDY, TATTERED AND CARRYING  
FIREWORKS, WADDLES UP TO  
UNCLE SAM...



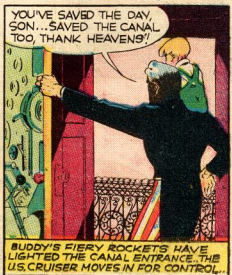
WHOW! GOT  
THAT S.O.S.  
THROUGH  
JUST IN TIME!  
WHAT EVER  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU?



THE FOREIGN  
SHIPS GUNS  
ROAR  
AT PAN-  
AMA  
CITY.





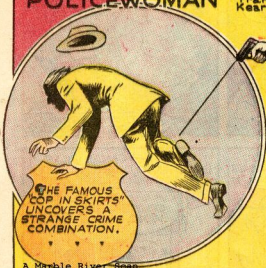




# SALLY O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

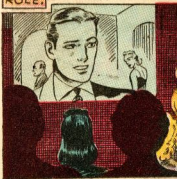
BY  
FRANK  
KEARNS



A Marble River Scene

ON HER DAY OFF SALLY SEES HER BOY FRIEND BARRY GILMORE IN HIS LATEST FILM ROLE.

A GIRL NEXT TO SALLY NUDGES HER AND SIGHS.



GOSH, AIN'T HE GOOD LOOKING!



OH! MY HANDBAG DROPPED!

I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!



AS SALLY'S HAND CLOSES ON THE PURSE, A FROWN CREASES HER BROW.

SAY, THIS IS PRETTY HEAVY FOR A PURSE!

THROUGH THE LEATHER SALLY FEELS THE OUTLINE OF AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL.



SALLY STRAIGHTENS, EYEING THE GIRL SHARPLY.



OH THANK YOU, MISS... I'M SO CLUMSY!

NOT AT ALL.

SO CLUMSY... BUT NOT SO DUMB!! SHE HAS SOME CLEVER SCHEME COOKED UP.. AND I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT IT IS!



THE USHER ESCORTS A DEAF PATRON TO HIS SEAT. . . .

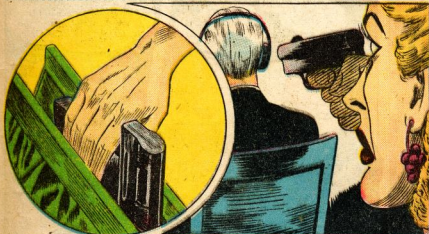


THIS IS THE PLACE WITH SPECIAL EAR-PHONES, EH?

YES, SIR!

SWIFTLY, SILENTLY A SLENDER HAND RUMMAGES IN A PURSE.

AN AUTOMATIC IS LEVELED AT THE BACK OF THE DEAF MAN'S HEAD.



NOT SO FAST!

FURIOUSLY THE WOULD-BE MURDERESS LAUNCHES AN ATTACK.. BUT SALLY IS TOO QUICK!



MEDDLING FOOL! KEEP OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS! OUCH!

THIS IS MY BUSINESS!

THE AUDIENCE GLARES AT THE DISTURBANCE UNTIL AN USHER COMES.



SORRY LADIES.. YOU CAN CONTINUE YOUR FIGHT OUTSIDE!

SALLY AND THE GUN-TOTING GIRL ARE PUT OUT. . . .



..AND STAY OUT!!



SALLY ONCE WENT TO PRISON TO TRAP A CRIMINAL, SO...

WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE COPS?

ME? WHY, I SERVED TIME IN THE PEN WITH YOU! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?



AND GIVES THE HACK DRIVER A HIGH SIGN.



OH..OH, SURE BUT WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA SPOILING THAT BUMP-OFF, SISTER?



SALLY HAILS A PASSING CAB.

HOP IN AND I'LL EXPLAIN!



I THOUGHT YOU'D DROP THE GUN ON MY LAP AND RUN! I'D BE IN A JAM!

I DON'T BLAME YOU! IT'S AN OLD TRICK!



SALLY CONTINUES...

YOU'RE BEULAH, BENNY THE BIMBO'S MOLL... D'YA KNOW HE'S BEEN STEPPING OUT ON YOU?

EH?



SURE! WHY, HE ASKED ME OUT A COUPLE OF TIMES, EVEN!



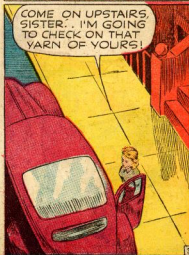
SALLY'S TRICK WORKS... BEULAH FLIES INTO A JEALOUS RAGE...

WHY... THE LOW-DOWN SO-AND-SO!! DRIVER! GO TO 1072 COLLEGE AVENUE!!



THEY STOP AT BENNY THE BIMBO'S HIDEOUT...

COME ON UPSTAIRS, SISTER... I'M GOING TO CHECK ON THAT YARN OF YOURS!



SALLY EAVESDROPS AS BEULAH LIGHTS INTO BENNY.



HONEST, BABY, I BEEN HOLIN' UP HERE FOR WEEKS! HAVEN'T EVEN STEPPED OUT TO BUY A PAPER!



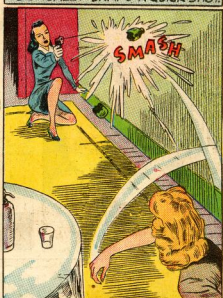
SALLY GREETES THEM WITH HER GUN.



BEULAH SNATCHES A BOTTLE OF ACID.



BUT SALLY SNAPS A QUICK SHOT.



THE ACID EATS THROUGH THE CARPET.



IN THE ROOM BELOW, TWO THUGS SEE THE ACID BURNING THROUGH THE CEILING.



SALLY FORCES HER PRISONERS TO MARCH.





SHE HERDS THEM TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.



NO TRICKS, CLUCKS!

THE TWO THUGS PEER THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE CEILING . .



THAT GAL COP HAS GOT BENNY AND BEULAH!

DUCK, AND WE'LL NAIL HER WHEN SHE COMES BY!

THE THUGS TAKE SALLY BY SURPRISE.



GOTCHA!



SHE'S OUT LIKE AN OVERWORKED FIREFLY.

TAKE HER DOWNSTAIRS TO THE MORTICIAN. HE'LL GIVE US A CUT RATE AFTER ALL THE BUSINESS WE'VE GIVEN HIM!

SALLY IS TAKEN TO THE CROOKED UNDERTAKER . . BENNY AND BEULAH FOLLOW . .



MEANWHILE, THE FRIENDLY CABBY KEEPS AN EYE OUT FOR SALLY.



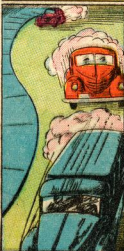
THEY JUST PLACED A COFFIN IN THAT HEARSE AND THOSE MUGS COME OUT . . BUT NO SALLY!



I'M GONNA FOLLOW THOSE GUYS. I'VE A HUNCH THEY'RE OUT FOR TROUBLE!

I'M COMING ALONG, BEULAH MY LOVE, JUST TO SEE THAT THIS JOB ISN'T MUFFED!

THE CABBY FOLLOWS THE HEARSE AND THE GANGSTERS CAR.



HE DROPS OUT OF THE PROCESSION LONG ENOUGH TO NOTIFY SALLY'S COP BROTHERS, PAT AND MIKE



PAT AND MIKE HOP IN THE CAB. . . SOON THE DRIVER OVERTAKES THE HEARSE.

LOOK OUT, JOE!  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
SMASH RIGHT  
INTO IT!



THAT'S  
EXACTLY  
WHAT I  
INTEND  
TO DO!

CRASH

I'M GOING TO TAKE A  
LOOK AT WHAT'S  
INSIDE YOUR DEAD-  
WAGON, MISTER!



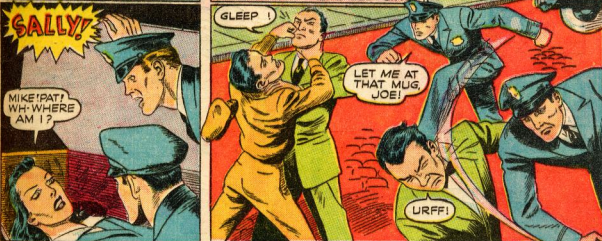
THE OFFICERS TEAR OPEN THE  
LID OF THE COFFIN. . .



SALLY!

MIKE! PAT!  
WHY WHERE  
AM I?

JOE, THE CABBY, TEARS INTO THE THUGS BEFORE PAT AND  
MIKE ARE IN THERE SLUGGING.



GLEEP!

LET ME AT  
THAT MUG,  
JOE!

URFF!

BEULAH STARTS TO BEAT IT  
BUT SALLY OBJECTS. . .



HOLD YOUR  
HORSES, WHAT'S  
YOUR HURRY?

BENNY THE BIMBO DOESN'T  
GET FAR EITHER. . .



BETTER STICK  
AROUND, BENNY!  
YOU'LL LOVE THE  
CELL WE'VE GOT  
RESERVED FOR  
YOU!

BENNY,  
HELP!

THE PRISONERS ARE LOCKED UP  
AND. . .



NICE GOING, SAL! YOU  
HAD A BUSY DAY!

ALL I WANT  
IS SOME SLEEP! AND I  
DON'T MEAN IN A  
COFFIN!

SALLY IS SLATED FOR ANOTHER  
THRILLING ADVENTURE IN  
NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.



# Kid Patrol

By  
Drew  
Wilson

Marble River Scan

THE KIDS GO FOR A BOAT RIDE AND LAND IN THEIR USUAL PORT, TROUBLE AND PLENTY OF IT!

GRRR!

THOSE TWO GANGSTERS I KNOCKED OUT WITH DE SLEDGE HAMMER WON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN!

GRRR!

SCHOOL IS OUT FOR THE DAY.. THE PUPILS SCRAMBLE NOISILY UP THE GANGPLANK, BOUND FOR THEIR ANNUAL BOAT RIDE.

PORKY IS PUSHED AGAINST THE RAIL.

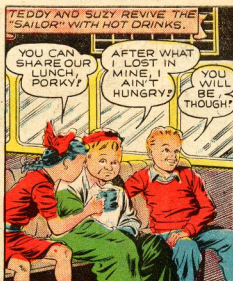
OUCH!

HEY! MY LUNCH!!

HE REACHES FOR IT AND..

OH?? HELP?







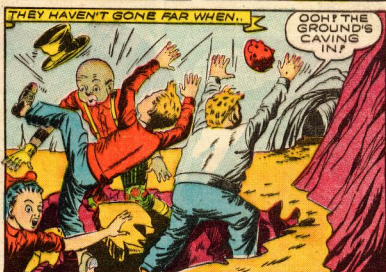
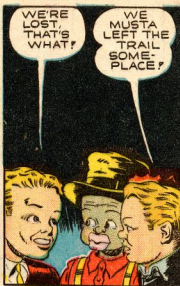


SUZY INSISTS.. SO THEY START BACK TO THE CAVE, INDIAN FASHION, DUCKING BEHIND EVERY ROCK AND TREE. . .



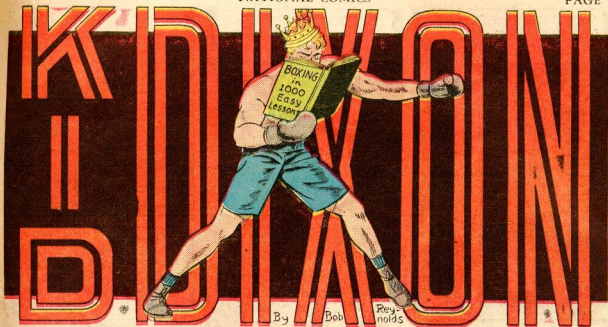
SOON THEY REACH A HIGH POINT IN THE CAVE.



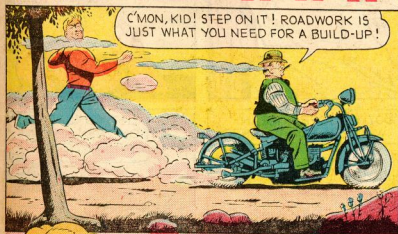








By Bob Reynolds



C'MON, KID! STEP ON IT! ROADWORK IS JUST WHAT YOU NEED FOR A BUILD-UP!

KAFF! KAFF! PHEW-W... THE HECK WITH THIS MONOXIDE TORTURE!



MMM! LOOKIT THAT BEAUTIFUL, GORGEOUS, BUBBLING WATER! JUST THE THING FER MY DUSTY PIPES!



TOPPS CAN TAKE A NICE L-O-N-G RIDE FER HIMSELF. GLUG-GLUG-

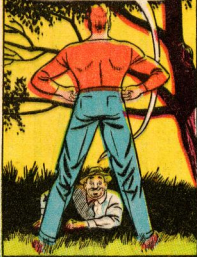


I'M GONNA SIT DOWN AN' ENJOY THE BIRDS AN' THE BEES AN' STUFF.

A Marble River Scan



WELL, KNOCK ME DOWN IN THE FIFTH! IF IT AIN'T KID DIXON HIMSELF!



YEAH, WHAT'S LEFT O' ME AFTER ALL THAT ROAD-WORK. AND WHAT'S YOUR TITLE, FELLA?



YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER ME, KID.. BILL CARMODY IS THE NAME.. WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1912..



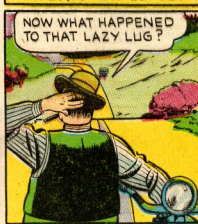
NOW I'M JUST A PUNCH-DRUNK, FORGOTTEN BUM.



GEE, KID.. YOU MEAN IT? I COULDA TAUGHT YOU BEFORE. BUT ME.. I'M JUST A BUM NO ONE LISTENS TO ANYMORE.

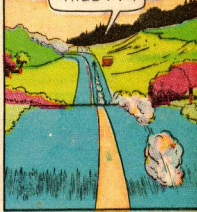


"BOTTLE" TOPPS, MEAN-WHILE, IS NONPLUSSED..

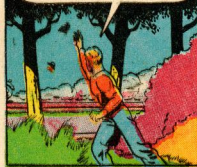


NOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT LAZY LUG?

HE MUSTA DROPPED OUT ON THE LAST HILL..



HEY, BOTTLE.. HERE I AM! BOTTLE! TOPPSY!!



KAFF! KAFF! THAT'S MY MANAGER! KAFF!



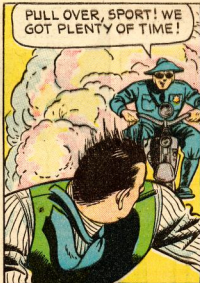
KOFF! YEAH? WHAT'S HE LOOK LIKE? KF-KFF!



HOLY HATCHECKS! I'M GETTIN' WORRIED... AND THAT BIG FIGHT WITH BIMBO GILLAM COMIN' UP!



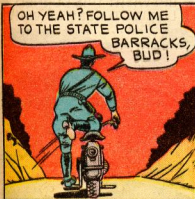
PULL OVER, SPORT! WE GOT PLENTY OF TIME!



I'M LOOKIN' FOR MY FIGHTER, OFFICER... KID DIXON... CRIPES, HE'S LOST.. KIDNAPPED .. ELOPED OR SOME - THIN'!



OH YEAH? FOLLOW ME TO THE STATE POLICE BARRACKS, BUD!



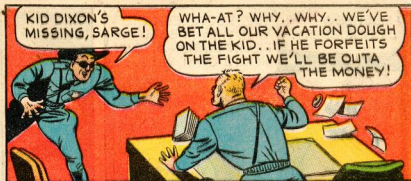
DOGGONE AN' DRAT IT! THIS IS A HECKUVA TIME TO GET PINCHED!



THIS WAY, MISTER!



KID DIXON'S MISSING, SARGE!

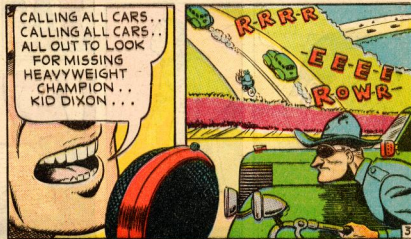


WHA-AT? WHY.. WHY.. WE'VE BET ALL OUR VACATION DOUGH ON THE KID.. IF HE FORFEITS THE FIGHT WE'LL BE OUTA THE MONEY!

YEAH... I HAD THAT IDEA, TOO. WE'D BETTER PUT OUT THE DRAGNET FOR THE KID!



CALLING ALL CARS.. CALLING ALL CARS.. ALL OUT TO LOOK FOR MISSING HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.. KID DIXON...



RRRR  
EEEE  
ROWR



MEANWHILE DANNY AND BILL CARMODY ARE SWAPPING PUNCHES . . .

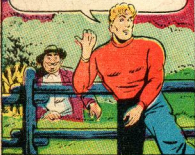


I THINK YOU'VE  
CAUGHT ON,  
KID.

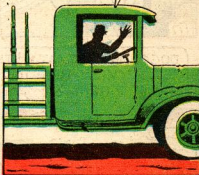
YOU BET. THAT'S A  
MILLION DOLLAR  
HOOK, BILL!



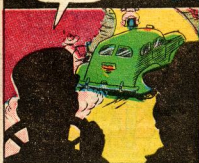
C'MON, WE'LL HITCH A RIDE  
BACK TO MY TRAINING CAMP.  
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A  
RINGSIDE SEAT AT THE  
FIGHT SATURDAY NIGHT..



OKAY.. HOP IN, BOYS...  
HOW FUR YEW GOIN'?



JEE-HOSEPHAT! SOME'N'S  
UP! WISHT THIS DURNED  
LIZZIE C'D KEEP UP WITH  
'EM...



MUST BE A  
BANK ROBBERY.

YUP.. RECOLLECT THE  
TIME THEY ROBBED THE  
FILLIN' STATION IN TOWN.  
HERE'S 'OW IT WUZ...



HERE  
WE ARE..



WHAT'S A MATTER,  
BOTTLE?

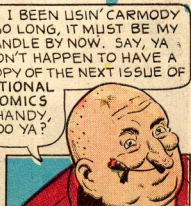
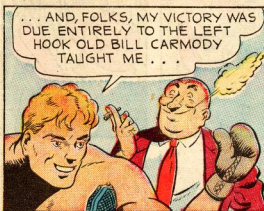
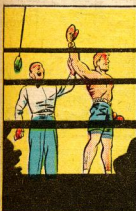
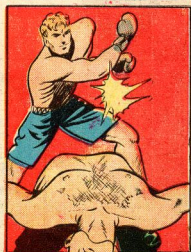
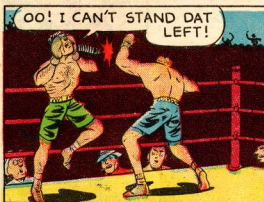
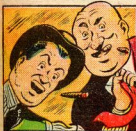


YOU.. YOU.. Y...  
UG..

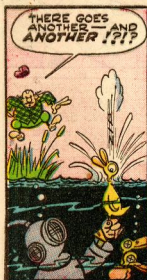
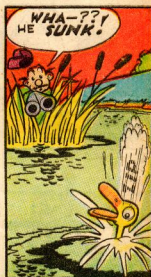




COMES THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT.. AND THE 5TH STANZA....







# Wonder Boy

BY  
JERRY  
MAXWELL



BY  
JERRY  
MAXWELL

LIKE THOUSANDS  
OF HUSKY AMERICAN  
BOYS, WONDER BOY  
AIDS IN THE DEFENSE  
OF HIS COUNTRY. BUT  
UNLIKE MOST BOYS, HIS  
PUNCH PACKS THE POWER  
OF TEN MEN AND HIS  
LIGHTNING OFFENSIVE  
IS PURE DYNAMITE LET  
LOOSE.

WONDER BOY STANDS BEFORE  
AN ARMY AIR CORPS RECRUIT-  
ING OFFICER . . . . .

I KNOW I'M TOO YOUNG  
TO ENLIST.. BUT I WANT  
TO HELP MY COUNTRY  
SOMEHOW!

FINE..WE'VE  
ALWAYS ROOM  
FOR LADS  
LIKE YOU!

REPORT TO SERGEANT  
CRANE AT THE FIELD..  
YOU'LL BE A  
CIVILIAN  
HELPER!

THANKS.  
I'M OFF  
NOW!

AR  
RECR  
STAL

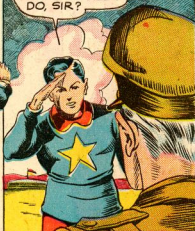
A Marble River Scan



MECHANICS GAPE IN AWE  
AS WONDER BOY STREAKS  
PAST...



SERGEANT CRANE, SIR?  
WONDER BOY RE-  
PORTING FOR DUTY!  
WHAT SHALL I  
DO, SIR?



BUT WHILE SERGEANT  
CRANE GIVES DIRECTIONS,  
TWO HANGAR SERVICEMEN  
EAVESDROP... AND MAKE  
PLANS...



WONDER BOY IS SENT TO  
HANGAR 8, WHERE HE IS  
TO HELP SERVICE AN M-26  
BOMBER.



THERE ARE MECHANICS  
IN THE BOMBER... I'LL  
CLIMB UP TO THEM..



THEY DON'T EVEN  
ANSWER... THAT'S FUNNY.  
I'LL BET THEY'RE UP TO  
DIRTY WORK!

DIDN'T YOU  
HEAR ME?  
I SAID..



ONE MECHANIC LUNGES  
FORWARD WITH A MONKEY  
WRENCH.

WE AIN'T  
INT'RESTED!



BUT WONDER BOY LOOSES  
A TERRIFIC RIGHT TO HIS  
ASSAILANT'S  
JAW.



HE DODGES OUT THE DOOR.



BUT A MECHANIC BELOW SHOVS THE LADDER OFF BALANCE.



UH! GOT TO GET LOOSE. MUST TRY HARDER... OH!.. I'M FREE NOW!!



WONDER BOY PLUNGES TO THE CEMENT FLOOR.



UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE HEAD LANDING, HE COMES TO AND FINDS HIMSELF SECURELY BOUND BEHIND THE REFUSE SECTION.



INSTANTLY HE DASHES TO THE FIELD.



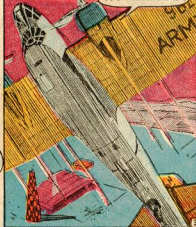
SERGEANT CRANE HEARS HIS STORY IN AMAZEMENT AND.



MEANWHILE THE BOMBER SOARS HIGH ABOVE THE FIELD.



BLOW THIS FIELD TO THE DEVIL AND THEN HAND OVER THE NEW AMERICAN BOMB RELEASE TO THE FATHERLAND!





BOMBS SPILL FROM THE SHIP TOWARD THE UNPROTECTED FIELD BELOW.

COVER YOUR EARS.. BIG BOOM COMING!



FURIOUSLY, WONDER BOY DASHES TO THE CENTER OF THE FIELD.

I'LL CATCH THIS EGG!



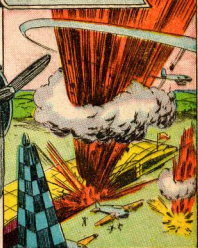
BEN LEAPS TO HIS PURSUIT PLANE...

WE'LL TAME THOSE TWO, WONDER BOY!

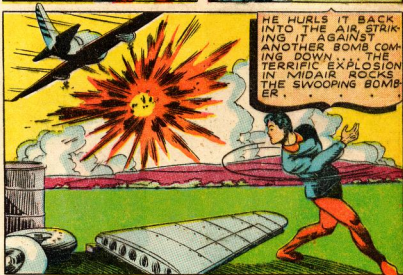
AND HOW! SA-AY, THEY'RE DROPPING BOMBS!



A DIRECT HIT SENDS ONE HANGAR INTO OBLIVION.



HE HURLS IT BACK INTO THE AIR, STRIKING IT AGAINST ANOTHER BOMB COMING DOWN... THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN MIDAIR ROCKS THE SWOOPING BOMBER.



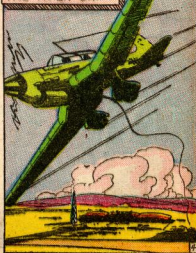
BUT SUDDENLY A FOREIGN PLANE DIVES ABOVE THE BOMBER...



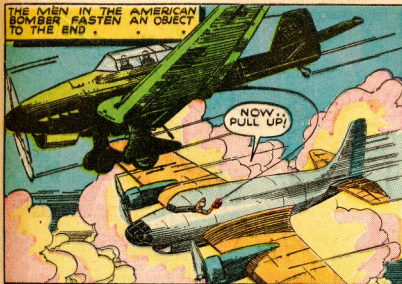
HANSI, LOWER THE PICK-UP ROPE! WE MUST HOIST UP THE NEW BOMB RELEASE MECHANISM!



A SWAYING ROPE DANGLES FROM THE ALIEN SHIP.



THE MEN IN THE AMERICAN  
BOMBER FASTEN AN OBJECT  
TO THE END . . .



GOT IT,  
HANSI?

YES.. THE  
BOMB 'RE-  
LEASE IS OURS  
NOW! WE SHALL  
WIN THE WAR  
WITH THIS!



MEANWHILE ON THE FIELD  
BELOW, AIRMEN PREPARE  
TO TAKE OFF IN PURSUIT



WONDER BOY STILL  
HURLS BOMBS...

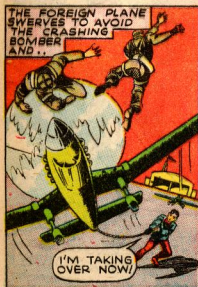
I'LL SLICE 'EM  
IN TWO WITH  
THIS!



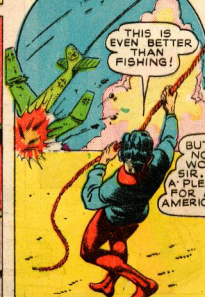
A DIRECT HIT!



THE FOREIGN PLANE  
SWERVES TO AVOID  
THE CRASHING  
BOMBER  
AND..



THIS IS  
EVEN BETTER  
THAN  
FISHING!



LATER..

FINE WORK,  
WONDER BOY..  
YOU'VE SAVED OUR BOMB  
RELEASE.. AND UNCOVERED  
A SPY  
RING TOO!

BUT IT'S  
NOT  
WORK,  
SIR.. IT'S  
A PLEASURE  
FOR ANY  
AMERICAN!



WONDER BOY STREAKS  
THROUGH ANOTHER THRILLING  
ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S  
NATIONAL COMICS.



# QUICKSILVER

THE  
LAUGHING  
ROBIN HOOD

by Nick  
Cordy

THE SPEED OF LIGHT..  
DYNAMIC POWER..THESE  
ARE THE PRINCIPAL GIFTS  
OF QUICKSILVER..HE  
STRIKES WITH DEADLY  
FORCE AGAINST CRIME..

IN THE DEATH HOUSE  
A GRIM SHADOW  
CLUTCHES THE BARS.  
TOM JAMESON..CON-  
VICTED OF MURDER..

YOUR  
TIME  
HAS  
COME,  
TOM!

I DIDN'T KILL  
ROCKIE MALONE..  
I NEVER KILLED  
ANYONE! THEY  
CAN'T GIVE ME  
THE CHAIR FOR  
SOMETHING  
I DIDN'T DO!



A Marble River Scene



AT THE SAME TIME A BLACK AND  
SILVER STREAK KNIFES THRU  
THE NIGHT TOWARD THE  
PRISON..IT'S THE KING OF SPEED  
QUICKSILVER!

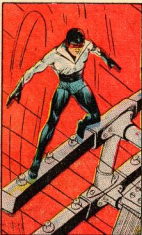
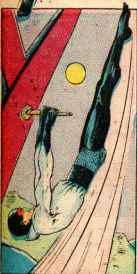
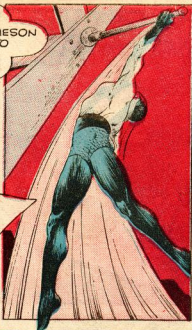
THERE ISN'T TIME TO GO THROUGH ALL THE RED TAPE AND EXPLANATIONS TO FREE JAMESON... I'LL HAVE TO DO THE BEST I CAN MY OWN WAY!



THERE IT IS... JUST WHAT I WANT!



OH-OH... THERE GOES THE SIREN THAT MEANS JAMESON IS ON HIS WAY TO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER. I'LL HAVE TO STEP ON IT!



OKAY, PLIERS... DO YOUR STUFF!



HEY... WHO'S TURNING OFF THE LIGHTS?



SOMEONE'S CUTTING THE WIRES!



RIGHT!



HEY... LOOKOUT.. YOU CRAZY FOOL!





DON'T LAND LIKE THAT.  
YOU'RE APT TO BREAK THE  
CONCRETE!



THERE'S THE  
GUY THAT  
CUT THE..  
**QUICKSILVER**  
!

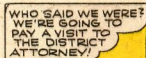
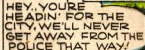
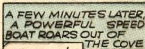
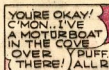


AS FAST AS THE GUARDS  
START RUNNING FOR  
QUICKSILVER THEY  
TURN AND MAKE A MAD  
DASH BACK AGAIN



IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN  
THERE'S A SKY-  
LIGHT IN THE CEILING  
OF THE EXECUTION  
CHAMBER. THAT'S  
WHERE JAMESON IS  
APT TO BE NOW!







WELL...WHAT'S QUICKSILVER UP TO ANYWAY?  
LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN THE DISTRICT ATTOR-  
NEY'S HOME...FOUR MEN ARE ENTERING...



BIKAZO, WHAT  
DO YOU WANT  
HERE?

PLENTY, YOU NO-GOOD  
MURDERER!

YOU SENT THAT  
JAMESON KID  
TO THE CHAIR  
TONIGHT AND  
HE'S AS INNOCENT  
AS YOU OR  
I!

WHAT? YES! HE'S THE  
MURDERER OF MY...  
ER, SECRETARY.  
MY OWN TRUCK  
DRIVER!

I'LL GET YOU  
FOR THIS!



YEAH, I BUMPED OFF  
ROCKIE MALONE AN'  
LET ME GIT MY HANDS  
FREE AN' I'LL BUMP  
OFF ANOTHER RAT  
AROUND HERE!

THIS  
MEANS  
MY FINISH!

YOU'RE DARN RIGHT  
IT DOES! I'LL RUN  
YOU OUT OF OFFICE  
AND SEND YOU  
UP THE RIVER! THE  
TROUBLE WITH  
THIS TOWN IS THERE'S  
TOO MANY BLUNDER-  
ING FOOLS RUNNING  
IT!



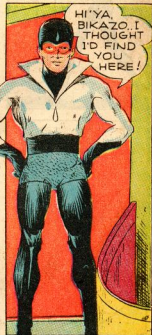
HA HA HA! ATTA BOY,  
BOSS.. LAY IT ON  
THICK.. YOU SURE  
FIGURE THINGS OUT  
POIFECTLY!



HEY,  
BOSS!



GULP!



HI'YA,  
BIKAZO, I  
THOUGHT  
I'D FIND  
YOU  
HERE!



QUICKSILVER!  
JAMESON!  
WHAT'S THIS  
ALL ABOUT?

I JUST DROPPED IN  
TO TELL A STORY I  
HEARD..THERE WAS  
A BIG SHOT RACKET-  
TEER ONCE WHO  
DIDN'T LIKE THE D.A.  
HE PICKED ON ONE OF  
HIS MEN THAT HE  
DIDN'T LIKE AND GOT  
ANOTHER ONE OF HIS  
BOYS MAD AT THIS  
FELLOW!



IT WAS  
MADE TO ORDER  
FOR THIS WEASEL!

WHY  
YOU..

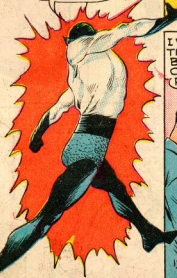
THAT'S YOUR FINISH  
BIKAZO!



WHY YOU..ARE  
YOU TRYING  
TO PIN THIS..WELL..  
ON ME? IF THE  
SHOE FITS  
..WEAR IT!



AND NEITHER  
DOES ANY-  
ONE ELSE!



THEN, HE GOT A STRANGER  
MAD AT THIS FIRST FELLOW  
MAD..THE FIRST FELLOW  
WAS FOUND DEAD! EVERY-  
THING WAS TAKEN CARE OF  
AND THIS STRANGER WAS  
FRAMED FOR THE MURDER!  
THE RACKETEER KNEW  
HIS GUNMAN HAD KILLED  
THIS FIRST FELLOW BUT  
HE KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT  
UNTIL THE RIGHT TIME!



SHUT YOUR  
BIG TRAP!



WHY? SO HE  
COULD RAIL-  
ROAD THE D.A.  
OUT OF OFFICE  
AND PUT IN ONE  
OF HIS OWN  
RATS!



BIKAZO FLASH-  
ES A GUN AND  
REELS..

I DON'T LIKE  
THE TASTE  
OF  
LEAD!



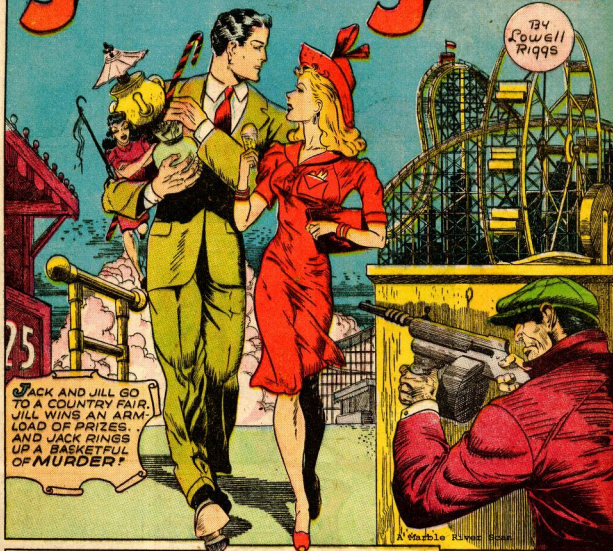
I WOULDN'T DO ANY-  
THING FOOLISH,  
BOYS. JAMESON,  
CALL THE  
POLICE!



WHILE YOU'RE AT IT,  
CALL A COUPLE OF  
ELECTRICIANS AND  
SEND THEM UP TO  
THE STATE PRISON..  
I HEAR THEY'RE  
HAVING SOME  
TROUBLE GETTING  
ELECTRICITY UP  
THERE.. SO LONG,  
BOYS!



# JACK and JILL



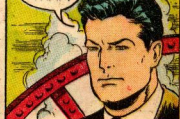
OUR ACE SLEUTHS ARE ALL UP IN THE AIR AGAIN... THIS TIME ON A FERRIS WHEEL AT BELL'S TRAVELING CARNIVAL.

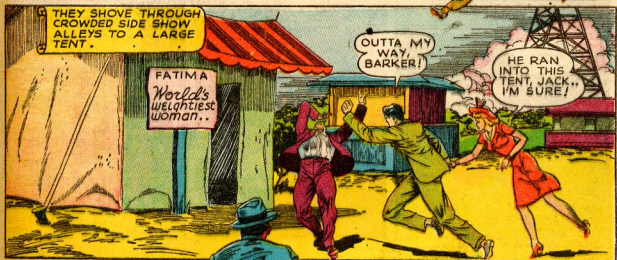
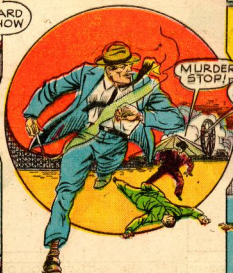


JACK LOOKS AT THE CROWDS BELOW AND...



THIS IS THE LIMIT! HERE I AM... A DETECTIVE WITH A MURDER DOWN THERE AND I'M STUCK IN THIS DOGGED MOUSE TRAP!







JACK GRABS A KNIFE FROM A BOOTH.



HE HURLS IT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AT THE STARTLED FATIMA AND HITS THE BASKET.



WITH THE GRACE OF A HIPPO-POTAMUS, THE FAT LADY WADDLES TO A TAXI, THE BASKET WITH HER.



JACK AND JILL FOLLOW. THEY SPEED DOWN A DUSTY STREET TO THE DEPOT.



THEY ARRIVE AT THE STATION AND..



BUT THE STATION MASTER HAS OTHER IDEAS..



JACK RIPS APART A LOAD OF LINEN.. SUDDENLY.





MEANWHILE JILL FOLLOWS THE FAT LADY OUT OF THE CIRCUS.

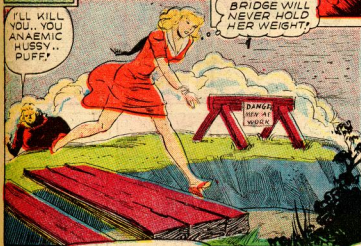
DON'T BE SO HUFFY, SISTER! I KNOW WHAT WAS IN THAT BASKET!



FURIOUSLY FATIMA TURNS ON JILL



JILL RACES OVER AN UNFINISHED ROADBED.



WHAT LUCK! THIS PLANK BRIDGE WILL NEVER HOLD HER WEIGHT!



IT WAS THE BARKER MY HUSBAND MURDERED.. SUCH A JEALOUS MAN MY HUSBAND IS? HE THOUGHT THE BARKER WAS IN LOVE WITH ME.. OOOH.. BOOO HOOO?



NEXT MONTH WE'LL SEE IN ANOTHER THRILLING JACK AND JILL ADVENTURE IN  
**National Comics**



# MISS WINKY

The All-American Girl

STOP WORRYING  
COACH - THIS  
IS ONLY  
THE HALF!



C'MON - WE GOTTA WIN OUT  
THERE, GIRLS --- BUT DO  
BE CAREFUL! I DON'T  
WANT ANY OF YOU KIDS  
INJURED TODAY!



HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE  
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE,  
- THIS TIME I THINK  
I GO THROUGH THE  
MIDDLE! HIKE!



WHEE - SUCH FUN!  
IF BOYS CAN PLAY  
THIS WE CAN  
TOO!



OH OH --  
THEY'RE CLOSING  
IN ON ME!

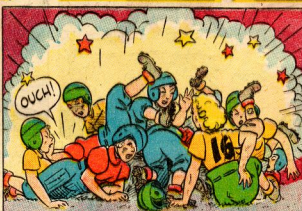


WAKE UP, GLADYS  
- HERE IT  
COMES !!

OH  
YEAH?



OUCH!



HEY - WINKY'S  
BEEN HURT!



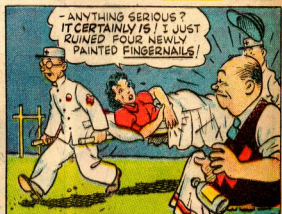
HURRY  
COACH! COME  
OUT QUICK!!



POOR KID! I  
HOPE IT ISN'T  
ANYTHING SERIOUS!

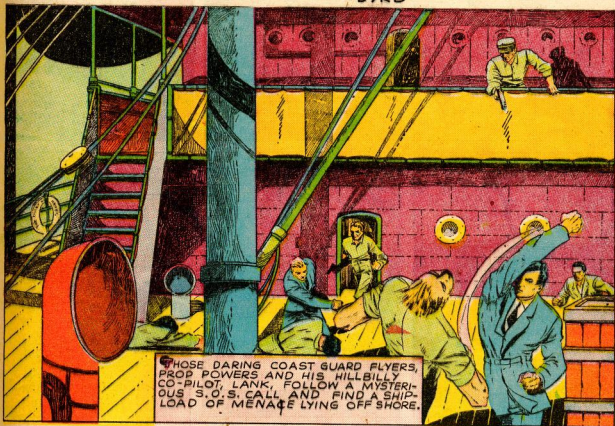


- ANYTHING SERIOUS?  
IT CERTAINLY IS! I JUST  
RUINED FOUR NEWLY  
PAINTED FINGERNAILS!



# PROP POWERS

By  
LYNN  
BYRD



THOSE DARING COAST GUARD FLYERS, PROP POWERS AND HIS HILLBILLY CO-PILOT, LANK, FOLLOW A MYSTERIOUS S.O.S. CALL AND FIND A SHIPLOAD OF MENACE LYING OFF SHORE.

IT'S SO QUIET AT THE COAST GUARD SHORE STATION YOU CAN HEAR LANK DROP HIS "S'S"

YOUR MOVE, LANK.

YOU AIN'T GIVIN' ME TIME TO THINK... AH'M GOIN' TO WAIT!



Marble River Soan

LATER...

YOU TOOK SO MUCH TIME OUT FOR THINKING, I THINK WE'D BETTER TRY TABLE TENNIS NEXT.

YEAH, THIS SHO' IS A DULL LIFE FER A COUPLE OF FAST ACTION FELLAS..UH, WAS THAT OUR BELL?



PROP DASHES TO THE SIGNAL ROOM, RETURNING IN A FEW MOMENTS.

THAT WAS FOR US, LANK'S O.S. FROM THE LIGHTSHIP OFF THE SHOALS.

THEY NEED A MATCH TO LIGHT UP? LET'S GET GOIN', PAL!





THUNDERING TWIN ENGINES  
ZOOM THEIR PATROL SHIP  
SKYWARD.



SUDDENLY LANK GASPS IN  
SURPRISE.



PROP DROPS THEIR PLANE  
ALONGSIDE THE GOVERN-  
MENT SHIP.



TYING UP, PROP AND LANK  
CLIMB ON DECK AND MEET  
A MAN WEARING A CAP-  
TAIN'S UNIFORM.



THE COAST GUARDSMAN  
MOVES SWIFTLY.



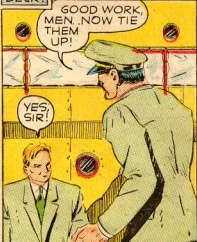
AND LANK TAKES THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST ANOTHER ALIEN OFFICER.



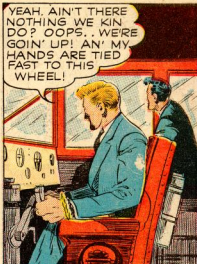
BUT REINFORCEMENTS RUSH FROM THE CABIN, SURROUNDING PROP AND LANK.



FOUL BLOWS KNOCK THE COAST GUARDSMEN TO THE DECK.



PROP AND LANK ARE PUT IN THEIR SHIP. A FOREIGN OFFICER SETS THE CONTROLS AND LEAPS OUT AS THE SHIP TAKES OFF.



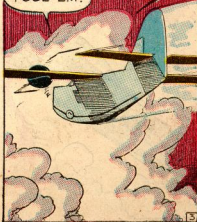
POWERS TAKES A DANGEROUS RISK.



HIS HANDS FREE AGAIN, PROP QUICKLY UNTIES HIS PARTNER'S WRISTS.



THAT FOREIGN CREW THINKS WE'RE DOOMED, BUT WE'LL FOOL 'EM!





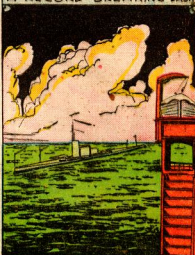
MEANWHILE EXCITEMENT  
REIGNS ABOARD THE  
LIGHTSHIP.



WHEN THE UNDERSEA BOAT  
GETS THE MESSAGE . . .



THE U-BOAT RETURNS IN  
A RECORD-BREAKING DASH



AND THE ALIEN CREW  
HURRIEDLY DESERTS THE  
LIGHTSHIP.



REACHING THEIR BASE,  
PROP AND LANK TIE A  
DEPTH BOMB UNDER THE  
WING.



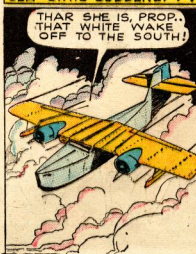
IN THE CABIN, WITH PROP  
AT THE CONTROLS, THEY  
MAKE A SWIFT TAKE-OFF



NOW KEEP YOUR EYES  
PEELED, LANK. THE U-  
BOAT MAY HAVE  
CHANGED HER COURSE!



PROP CIRCLES OVER THE  
SEA UNTIL SUDDENLY . .



SWELL! NOW WE'LL  
GO TO TOWN. GET  
READY TO TAKE  
OVER THE CONTROLS!



SPOTTING THEIR PLANE, THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN BRINGS HIS CRAFT TO THE SURFACE...

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS TO YOUR STATIONS! BRING DOWN THAT PLANE!



WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST NOW, LANK... THEY'RE GOING TO OPEN FIRE WHEN WE'RE IN RANGE!

YEAH... BUT TAKE IT EASY OUT THAR ON THE WING, IF YOU GET HIT...



PROP MAKES HIS WAY GINGERLY ON TO THE SMOOTH WING.

ONE SLIP AND I'LL GO IN FOR MY LAST DIP!



HE HANGS ON DESPERATELY AS LANK SHOOTS THE PLANE TOWARDS THEIR PREY...

JUST A LITTLE CLOSER.. THEN..



DIRECTLY OVER THE SUBMARINE, PROP LOOSES THE DEPTH BOMB.

TOO LATE! WE'LL BE SUNK!



AND LANK PULLS THE PATROL PLANE OUT OF THE DIVE.



A TERRIFIC BLAST TEARS THE U-BOAT APART.



ONE LESS RAIDER, LANK... UH, WHAT? LIGHTSHIP CALLING? THEY FOUND A BOMB?

YEAH... WE SHO' TURNED THE TABLES!



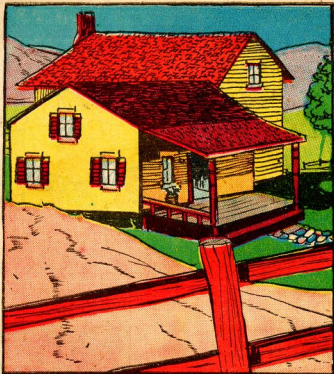
SUDDENLY PATROL PLANES FROM THEIR BASE SWARM ABOUT THEM.

OKAY, FELLAS... THE EXCITEMENT IS OVER NOW!



PROP POWERS FLIES INTO ANOTHER OFF-SHORE PATROL BATTLE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS





# THE SECRET ROOM

By

ANTHONY LAMB

Leddy Carvell knew that something was very wrong. He had been born and bred in the old Carvell house and he knew every board and stone in it. And now he had a feeling that the house was trying to tell him that something was wrong. It was almost like when Dude Boy, Leddy's dog, was sick. He wouldn't whimper one complaint but just the way he would brush up against Leddy made him understand how he felt.

Leddy knew that Carvell House couldn't be sick. But something was the matter. It hadn't been the same since Uncle Marc had come to live there three months ago. Before that there had just been Grandma and Leddy and Dude Boy. They had all grown up in the family home but Uncle Marc, although he was a big cheerful man and always ready with a joke, he was a stranger from another branch of the family and his feet didn't tread easy on the old house's floors.

There had once been another

Leddy Carvell many years ago when the house was new. They had called him Leslie Carvell and he was a prominent lawyer in the back-country town, a respected citizen. It was a Southern town and, in those days, if people had known of Leslie Carvell's secret room, they would have respected him less and even probably run him out of town.

For Carvell House was one of the many stations in the famous Underground railway that assisted run-away slaves in their desperate escapes to freedom. When Leslie built his home he carefully planned a secret room, reached by a concealed passage that led through a huge fire-place and was built under the ground adjacent to the cellar. For many dark years before the war between the states, hundreds of darkies had spent nights that were made warm and comfortable; nights at the Carvell House that would be remembered as bright spots in a perilous journey.

After the war, the secret room had

been discovered and admired, by some. But a few generations went by and the room was all but forgotten by the community. Only the children of Carvell House were interested, and when they grew up, they too, forgot. But Leddy was still a child and the room was his favorite hiding place. It was what made Carvell House better to live in than any mansion. Here he could play run-away-slave, pirate or wounded soldier. Here he could really hide from the other kids in town, for he had kept his secret well.

Leddy was out in the yard, rolling over in the grass with Dude Boy when the two strange men parked before the house and asked to see Uncle Marc. Leddy wasn't exactly eaves-dropping, but he had moved over closer to the open window and could hear the men's voices. They were talking very politely but Leddy could feel somehow that there was an under-current of tenseness in what they said. Uncle Marc was particularly strained. His voice was much more cordial than Leddy had ever heard it before.

"Of course, I can understand how you would come to such a conclusion," Uncle Marc was saying. "And you're absolutely free to search the house. But I'm sure, unless Grandma



Carvell has suddenly turned against her country, that you'll find no one of that description here."

Leddy didn't know what to make of it. That was a silly way to talk about Grandma. Who were they looking for, anyway?

Leddy slipped under a bush as the two men left and heard one of them say, "Well, looks like we hit a dead-end this time. Everything pointed to him, but—"

"Don't rush to conclusions. We haven't searched the town yet. We'll park at the Inn for awhile and lay low. Remember it was a federal man who was killed. We can't slip up on this job."

When the men had gone, Leddy scrambled to his feet and watched their car tear down the road, raising a cloud of dust. He could hardly believe what his ears had heard.

"Gee! They must be G-men! And they think that someone who killed a G-man is hiding in our house!"

At first he was indignant. As if a house with such a grand history could be guilty of sheltering a murderer and probably a spy! Then Leddy gulped and his eyes popped wide. He turned around slowly and looked at the house. He walked over to the plot of grass that grew beside the big west chimney. He was standing over the secret room!

"Maybe... maybe Uncle Marc..."

maybe he isn't Uncle Marc at all. Grandma said he grew up to look different than he did when he was a baby. Even 'Dude Boy' had never treated him like he did other visitors from the family." Leddy had never thought Uncle Marc's jokes were very funny though he did laugh at them just to be polite.

Maybe, this man, who might not be Uncle Marc was hiding someone in the secret room!

There was only one way to find out. Leddy had to know, even if it got him in terrible trouble. Now he knew what was wrong with the old house. Carvell House had been trying to tell him that it was harboring an intruder.

Leddy walked very quietly through the side door and slipped into the cool, dark parlor. No one was there. He could hear Grandma in the kitchen, and he hoped Uncle Marc, or whoever he was, was upstairs. Leddy hurried over to the fireplace and put his foot across the andiron. He doubled over and reached out to touch the trap stone. Then he heard a step behind him.

"What are you doing in there!" It was Uncle Marc.

"Er, I'm just gonna—clean out the grate, sir," answered Leddy.

"It doesn't need cleaning," barked Uncle Marc and ordered him out of the house.

Leddy was convinced now. He ran to the end of the yard and ducked under the fence. In a few moments he came dashing down the road before the Inn, his face streaked with perspiration. He found the two men who had come to see Uncle Marc, talking on the porch.

"I—I came to tell you—" he began breathlessly, "My—great—great grandfather—was Leslie Carvell and he helped slaves escape by hiding them in—"

"Very interesting son, but tell us about it some other time. Here, here's a nickel. Go buy yourself an ice-cream cone."

"But don't you see mister? He built a secret room next to the cellar in

Carvell House. You reach it through the fireplace and..."



The two men had picked up interest, and Leddy told them about his suspicions.

Later that afternoon, Leddy was rolling over and over on the grass. Uncle Marc came outside to knock some ashes out of his pipe.

"Hey, Uncle Marc, come here, will you? I was down at the end of the yard, today and I saw some ripe tomatoes on the vine. Come down and tell me if I can pick them."

Uncle Marc trudged along next to Leddy who was acting calm enough, but his heart was pounding up in the roof of his mouth. He kept Uncle Marc down at the vegetable patch as long as he could, asking a million questions that he knew the answers to perfectly well. Then he walked slowly back to the house. They went into the parlor and Leddy trembled with relief when he saw Uncle Marc stop short and gaze into the muzzles of two automatics. The Federal men were there all right. And between them stood the fugitive whose hands were blackened from his climb out of the fire-place.

They took Uncle Marc away with the man and everything had to be explained to Grandma.

"Fine little boy, you got here, Madam. He tipped us off. This man isn't any relation of yours. He's a foreign agent who must have heard tell of your secret room and figured it would be a swell hide-out for his pals when they got in trouble."

Leddy wears a bright badge now, and right after Uncle Marc went away, he went down into the secret room and swept it out.





PAUL LIFTS THE MAN BY HIS COLLAR AND SHAKES HIM LIKE A FLEA.



HE HURLS THE MAN TO THE TOP OF THE TALLEST PINE TREE IN THE COUNTY.



BUT THE SECOND HUNTER HAS FLED.



THE TRAIL ENDS AT THE CANYON EDGE.



PAUL LOPES FOR IT... HE HEARS NOISY ARGUING FROM INSIDE.



JUST THAT INSTANT, PAUL'S SUSPECT DASHES IN.



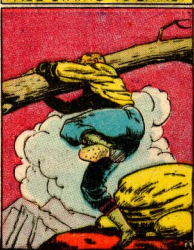
THERE AIN'T NO GIANTS, DOPEY!... AN' WE'RE STAYIN' HERE... MY GUN NEEDS ANOTHER NOTCH IN IT!



BUT THEY HEAR A RIPPING NOISE OUTSIDE AND PILE OUT TO SEE.



GRASPING THE TREE LIKE A HUGE BASEBALL BAT, PAUL STARTS TO SWING.





WITH A BIG LEAGUE SWAT, PAUL BATS THE CABIN RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF.



BUT HE CARRIES THE BOSS AND HIS STOOGES WITH HIM.

YOU'RE GOING TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.



THE MEN STARE FLABBERGASTED AT PAUL'S MIGHT.



IN A CLEARING, PAUL SETS HIS BURDEN DOWN.



JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO FRESH, YOU'RE GOIN' SWIMMING.



PAUL TOSSES THE DISPUTER TOWARD OLD FAITHFUL, YELLOWSTONE'S FAMOUS GEYSER.



THE MAN GOES UP IN A CLOUD OF HISsing STEAM.



G-GOLLY! IF HE DID THAT TO ME PAL, WHAT'LL HE DO TO ME?

I'LL TALK! WE'RE THE "BUCKSHOT GANG" HIDING OUT FROM TH' LAW! WE HAD TO HUNT FOR FOOD!

PAUL LEAVES HIS PRISONER WITH THE PARK POLICE.

I'M GOING BACK FOR THE TWO I LEFT TIED UP!

BUT WHEN PAUL GETS BACK, HE FINDS HIS PREY GONE.

PROBABLY ANOTHER CONFEDERATE FREED 'EM!

WELL, IT'S ANOTHER CROSS-COUNTRY CHASE FOR ME!

PAUL TRAILS THEM OVER CANYONS.

HE HOPS RIVERS, TREKS THROUGH TREACHEROUS TERRAIN.

AND SWIMS UPSTREAM OVER WATERFALLS.

AT LAST.

HERE YOU ARE ON A NARROW LEDGE... EITHER YOU COME WITH ME OR YOU FALL OVER!

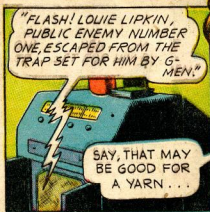
WE'LL GO WITH YOU... BUT BE EASY ON US, HUH?

THAT'S FOR THE LAW TO DECIDE NOW!

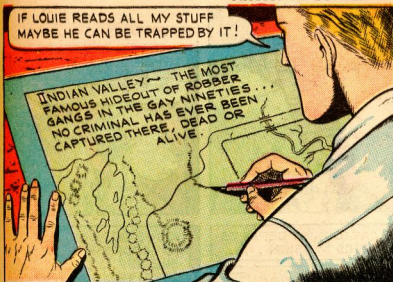
PAUL BUNYAN LEAPS INTO A THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S

**NATIONAL COMICS**





IF LOUIE READS ALL MY STUFF  
MAYBE HE CAN BE TRAPPED BY IT!



MEANWHILE A FIGURE  
SEEKS REFUGE FROM AN  
UNCOMFORTABLE DRIZZLE.



CUP A' CAWFEE, BUD!



LATER...

NIKI VELLY  
CULIOUS WHERE  
WE GO, MIST'  
MILLER..



WE'RE HEADING FOR  
INDIAN VALLEY, YOUNG  
FELLA!



CHEE! THANKS FER THE  
TIP, MILLER!



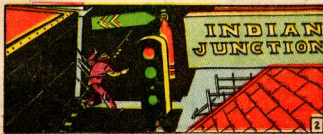
INDIAN VALLEY,  
HERE I COME!



AN EASTBOUND  
FREIGHT TRAIN  
GETS A PASSENGER  
... LOUIE LIPKIN.

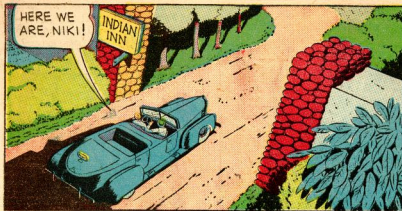


BUT WHILE LOUIE IS HEADING EASTWARD,  
PEN AND HIS VALET ARE HEADING WEST...



INDIAN  
JUNCTION





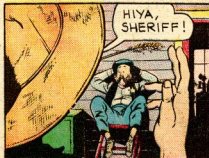
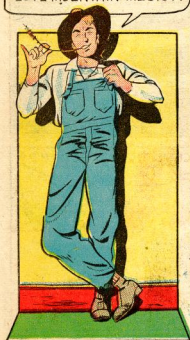
THE TWO MEN CHECK IN AND GO UPSTAIRS TO CHANGE . .

MERCIFUL DRAGONS! YOU GET CAUGHT IN LAWN MOWER, MIST' MILLER?

I'M GOING NATIVE, SON . . JUST A HILLBILLY . . I LOVE MOUNTAIN MUSIC . .

THE CARTOONIST DEPARTS ON HIS MISSION . .

YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO SCOOP THE G-MEN, SHERIFF . . I'VE A HUNCH THE ONE AND ONLY LOUIE LIPKIN WILL BE SHOWING UP IN THE VALLEY.



HRMP! HAW! WHOS'N LAIG AIR YEW A-TRYIN' TO PULL, STRANGER? NAOW YEW GIT.. AFOR I TEK' YEW IN FER A BOARDER!



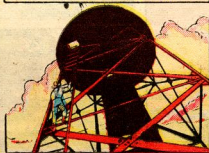
OH, WELL . . GUESS I'D BETTER SET OUT ALONE . .



SAY, MISTER, COULD I CLIMB THAT WATER TOWER?

THE AGILE SLEUTH CLIMBS UP THE TOWER TO A WONDERFUL POINT OF VANTAGE . .

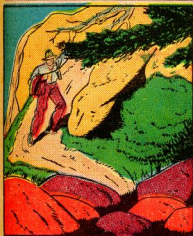
HIS VIGIL IS SOON REWARDED



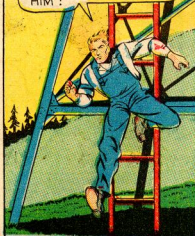
AH, THERE HE COMES . . MY FAITHFUL FAN!



PEN SPOTS THE LONE FIGURE  
TRUDGING DOWN A TRAIL . . .



GOTTA STEP ON IT IF I  
WANT TO CATCH UP TO  
HIM !



KINDA FAR FROM YOUR  
OWN STAMPING GROUNDS,  
LOUIE . . .



BEAT  
IT,  
HICK !

YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO  
MEET PEN MILLER BY  
ANY CHANCE ?



PEN MILLER ?

HAH ! YA AIN'T SMART  
ENOUGH TO  
GET  
ME,  
PAL !



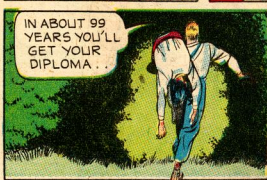
WHY, LOUIS, I WAS THE  
SMARTEST LAD IN THE  
EIGHTH GRADE, DIDN'T  
YOU HEAR ?



AND YOU'VE JUST PASSED  
THE ENTRANCE EXAMS  
TO THE BIG HOUSE !



IN ABOUT 99  
YEARS YOU'LL  
GET YOUR  
DIPLOMA . .



LITTLE PACKAGE FOR YOU,  
SHERIFF !

WAAL . .  
I'LL BE  
BURNED !



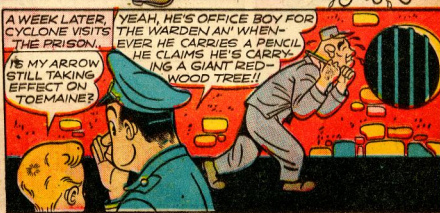
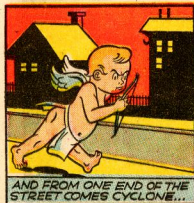
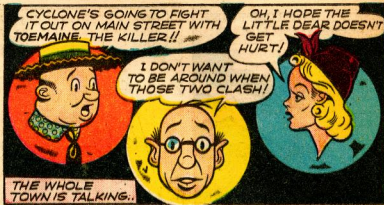
THE RAT HAS NIBBLE  
ON CHEESE MIST'  
MILLER PUT OUT  
FOR HIM . . . NEXT  
ISSUE HE SET MORE  
TLAPS FOR CLOOKS.  
YOU COME 'LOUD  
SEE, YES ? . . .



# CYCLONE CUPID

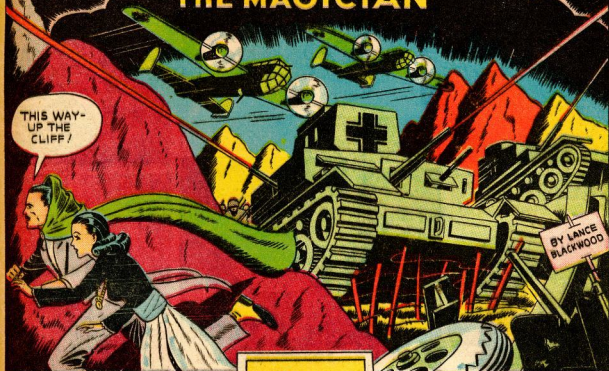
HE AIN'T STUPID!

BY GILL FOX-



# MERLIN

## THE MAGICIAN



**AS THE**  
 THUNDER OF MODERN BLITZKRIEG STRIKES GREECE, STEEL TANKS AND PLANES BLAST A PATH FOR THE NAZI LEGIONS TO FOLLOW.... CAUGHT IN THE MAELSTROM OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THE MAGICIAN AND A YOUNG GREEK GIRL RACE FOR A HIDING PLACE.

SHELTERED BY THE ROCKY CAVES OF MOUNT METEORA THE TWO WAIT FOR THE DANGER TO PASS.



WELL, I GUESS WE CAN'T CONTINUE OUR STUDY OF GREEK HISTORY, MR. MERLIN. MY COUNTRY'S BEING RUINED!



A Marble Brawl

THE BEST THING FOR US TO DO, HELENA, IS GET AWAY FROM HERE. BUT I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE A WAY OUT!



1



MEANWHILE TWO SOLDIERS ARE  
DETAILED TO SEARCH THE ROCK  
OF METEORA.

CAREFULLY THE SOLDIERS  
ASCEND THE STEEP CLIFFS.

DEEP IN THE DARK CAVE MERLIN  
AND HELENA WATCH.



AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND HIDEOUS  
MONSTER'S RISE BEFORE THE STARTLED  
SOLDIERS!



FEAR NOT--I'LL GIVE 'EM  
A SCARE! SRETSNOM  
FO EHT EVAC EMOC  
TUO!



FRANTICALLY THEY RUSH  
OUT OF THE CAVE!



AS ONE SOLDIER LOSES HIS  
FOOTING HE GRABS HIS COM-  
RADE ---

AND BOTH TUMBLE OFF THE  
PRECIPICE ---

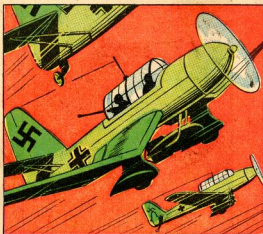
TO SHATTER THEMSELVES  
ON THE ROCKS BELOW!



THERE MUST BE ENEMIES HIDING UP THERE - I'LL ORDER THE STUKAS TO DO THEIR WORK!



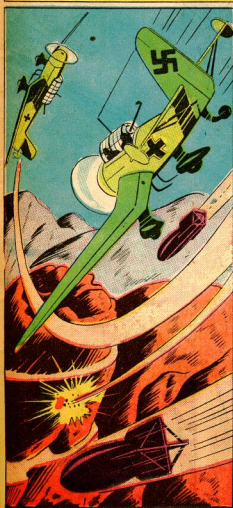
IN A FEW SECONDS A SQUADRON OF STUKA DIVE BOMBERS APPEAR OVERHEAD!



WE'RE IN FOR IT-NOW!



IN SCREECHING POWER DIVES THE DREADED STUKAS HURL THEIR BOMBS AT THE ROCK.



THE MOUNTAIN SHAKES WITH THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSIONS.



OH, MERLIN! I CAN'T STAND IT! DO SOMETHING!



IN ANSWER TO THE GIRL'S PLEADING MERLIN SPEAKS!

SUEZ, DOG FO EHT TNEICNA SKEERG ESIRA!



AND ZEUS, GOD OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS, APPEARS!

WITH MY THUNDERBOLTS I'LL HELP YOU!





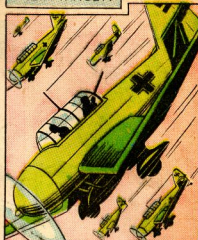
NOW FOR A FEW MOMENTS  
I SHALL FIGHT FOR  
GREECE!



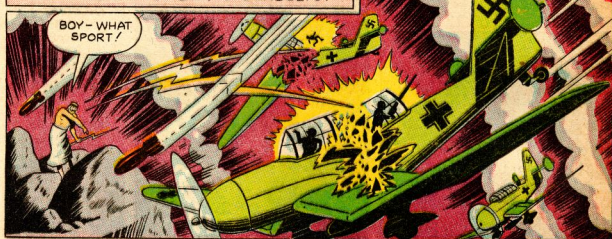
AS THE PLANES CIRCLE ABOVE,  
ZEUS CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF  
THE MOUNTAIN!



THE STUKAS AGAIN DIVE AT  
THEIR TARGET!



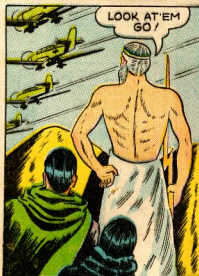
AND BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED PILOTS CAN TURN  
THEY ARE BOMBARDED BY THUNDERBOLTS!



THE SQUADRON LEADER IS  
DISMAYED AT THE DE-  
STRUCTION OF THE STUKAS!



LOOK AT 'EM  
GO!



THANKS, OLD  
MAN! BUT HOW  
CAN WE  
ESCAPE TO  
EGYPT?

THAT'S  
EASY!



YOU CAN  
BORROW PEGASUS,  
MY FLYING  
HORSE!



AND IN FRONT OF THE GRATEFUL  
GIRL AND MERLIN THE FAMOUS  
HORSE TAKES SHAPE!



QUICKLY THEY CLIMB ABOARD!

GIDDY-AP!



GRACEFULLY THE WHITE WINGED  
HORSE SOARS INTO THE SKY.



WELL, THEY'RE SAFE. NOW  
I'LL GO BACK INTO THE PAGES  
OF MYTHOLOGY 'TIL MERLIN  
NEEDS ME  
AGAIN!



JUST AS THE ANCIENT  
GOD DISAPPEARS THE  
MOUNTAIN IS OVERRUN  
WITH SOLDIERS!



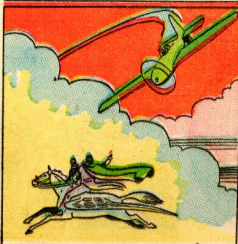
WE  
WON!

OVER THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN  
MERLIN AND HELENA FLY ON.

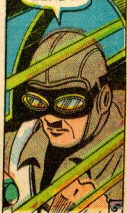


WON'T BE  
LONG NOW!

BUT SUDDENLY A MESSERSCHMITT  
FIGHTER ZOOMS TOWARD THEM.



MUST BE SOME  
NEW KIND OF  
PLANE! I'LL GIVE  
IT A BURST OF  
LEAD!





IMMEDIATELY THE MAGICIAN ACTS!

SUSAGEP, EMOCEB  
TSAF SA A ENALP!



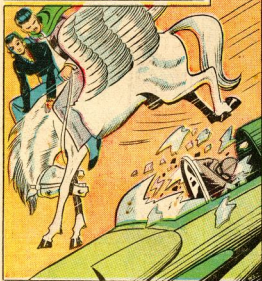
THE HORSE BECOMES FASTER  
THAN THE ATTACKING PLANE..



AND FLIES UP ON THE  
MESSERSCHMITT!



SAVAGELY THE HORSE KICKS THROUGH  
THE GLASS COCKPIT COVER!



I'M BAILING OUT!  
DER FEUHRER DID  
NOT TELL ME I HAD  
TO FIGHT FLYING  
HORSES!



FOUR MORE PLANES AND  
YOU'LL BE AN ACE!



MINUTES LATER THE WINGED  
HORSE DELIVERS MERLIN AND  
HELENA TO THE PYRAMIDS!



THERE GOES PEGASUS  
AND NOW I MUST  
LEAVE YOU, HELENA..  
YOU'RE QUITE SAFE  
WITH THE BRITISH  
ARMY OVER THERE!



AS THE PYRAMIDS FADE IN  
THE DISTANCE MERLIN THE  
MAGICIAN CONTINUES AGAIN  
ON HIS JOURNEY TO HELP  
OPRESSED MANKIND.

